

# WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE.

## THE

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## The Eyes of Youth.

By MARCIA.

To the majority of people, if not to all, comes that stage in life's journey, when they view their existence, and the future lying before them, through the rose colored spectacles of youth.

When the world to them is as a wonderful medieval castle, they are standing at its threshold waiting for drawbridge to be let down, for the portcullis to open wide, so that they may enter and explore its beauties.

The winding passages and the secret chambers, the marvellous spacious rooms flooded with roscate light which streams through their mullioned windows.

This romantic structure is peopled with fair women and chivalrous knights, all of whom are ready to wage war against any evils that may exist.

Yes, indeed, who has not felt the glad exhilaration of youth? And who has not been ready to cry with Kingsley:

"When all the world is young lad,  
And all the trees are green,  
And every goose a swan, lad,  
And every lass a queen.

Then ay for boot and horse, lad,  
And round the world away,  
Young blood will have its course, lad,  
And every dog his day."

What though poverty and privation may exist? It is the fault of the individual, anyone who has the spirit and will, MUST advance. Rich and poor are in the world, of course, but that is inevitable. Why not better relations between master and worker.

The former is well disposed to his employees; he will be ready to advance their interests, provided they work well for him.

Then ambition asserts itself; to youth, work is nothing, its vitality needs an outlook, and it is ready for it. Like the knights of old, youth is ready to buckle on its armour, and tread the rosy path to riches and position, slaying the dragons of vice, crime and disease on its way.

But to the eyes of youth, sin and vice are merely names. They are in the world undoubtedly, but hidden away in holes and corners like rats that never come out in the daylight.

Everything looks great and good, and splendid. What can be lacking to prevent truth and justice from prevailing above all things?

The Law—what a fine body of intelligent individuals are the judges, barristers and lawyers who administer justice! In the hands of such high principled noble men as these: there can be no danger of false accusations triumphing, or of virtue being trampled in the dust, those that wield the sceptre of justice will see that they use their power wisely and well.

The Ministry—what high souled men are these, who devote to expounding the doctrines of Christ.

They are all prepared to follow in his footsteps, and to do his bidding when he says "He that will come after me, let him take up his cross and follow me." When conducting services in vast cathedrals and lofty churches, their very looks and voices seem to breathe a benediction.

The Medical Profession—the healers of the sick and tenders of the weak; what a noble lofty work is theirs; what a vast field for doing good to mankind, and building up humanity towards perfect-

tion.

And the rich class—well, are they not always ready to assist and help the poor? They are ever ready to give them as much work as they want, and those who are unemployed, are in that position, because they are idle and lazy.

Yes, the world is a grand place, and it only wants enthusiasm and hard work to make oneself a prominent and useful member of society.

Above all, the men who have literary genius, are they not using their pens to lead people to the truth, and urge them to loftier principles and ideals?

Such is the outlook of the eyes of youth.

But, alas, how long does the vision last?

How many of us have not seen young men and maidens viewing the world like this? Nay, how many of us have not done the same ourselves?

Where are the ambitions and the ideals?

Where are the noble men and women? Where is truth? Where is justice? Where is morality? Where is religion? Now that the glamour has passed, what is it that we see through our youthful eyes?

We hear people crying out for justice, and obtaining it not, we see whited sepulchres, in the persons of church dignitaries, who never practise what they preach.

We see disease and immorality stalking naked through the land, we see "healers of men" refusing to minister to the sick who cannot guarantee to pay their price. And, above all, we see how the writers and literary men, prostituting their intelligence for the highest pay.

Where is the kind and benevolent master?

Alas, he also, is a creature of imagination. The master who exists is a man who looks upon his slaves as parts of a machine, and they can sweat blood for all he cares, so long as they make profits for him.

Where is the field for progress? Slowly and painfully we come to the realisation, that where one succeeds, thousands must inevitably fail, and even then, success is rarely gained by honest and clean means.

What wonder, then, that a settled melancholy steals over us, and we feel with the melancholy Jacques, "Our experience makes us sad."

In many cases the rude awakening spoils the life of many a young man and woman, they are content then, to take life as they have found it, some sink altogether, some swim mechanically on. Ideals are ruined, ambitions are brought to nought, what then is left, but to accept the hard reality that remains, and keep on in the same dull rut?

What remains? The Socialist philosophy has an answer to that.

Through the eyes of youth we see a world as we thought it.

Later we see a world as it actually is.

Now the time has come to see a world as we would have it, and as we, its workers, can make it when we choose.

Because of the existence of two classes, one of which is non-producing, and robs the other of two-thirds of what it produces, because it is necessary for the latter to be kept in ignorance of its true position, is the reason that all the talk of religion, justice and liberty is mouthed

## Some Reflections on Race Week

By L. Sommer Bradford.

"This sire," said Ambassador Salvandy to Louis Philippe in the year of grace 1830, "is quite a Neapolitan fete: we are dancing on a volcano." A month later, the volcano exploded, leaving the giver of the gala heir to a forlorn "constitutional arrangement," to which even his descendants have failed to succeed.

And yet though close on a century has elapsed, during which time man should have had ample opportunity of taking to heart and learning the lesson, yet it would seem that it is still unlearned, and the awful congruity between seed and harvest still remains not understood.

We are dancing on a volcano, and sooner or later, the low subterranean growlings will grow louder and become more coherent, until at last the pent up forces may break their barriers and may overwhelm society in a cataclysm, in comparison with which the Sicilian Vespers, the St. Bartholomew's Butchery and the Armagnac Atrocities will fade into pale insignificance.

Sydney, or rather a small privileged section of the community, has just finished a week of social frivolity and junketing, and though the moral mentors, as represented by the monied classes, have in season and out of season, urged on the masses the desirability of national economy and individual self-abnegation, yet the Sydney metropolitan press has devoted considerable space to the Randwick revel, to the costliness and richness of feminine apparel, to the crowds of well-dressed individuals patronising the lawn and the members' enclosure, the business done by restaurants and places of amusement, the vast sums of money won and lost on the various races, thus giving the lie direct to the mocking mouthings and hollow protestations of the insincere.

Oxford Street on any of the three race days presented much food for thought. The countless stream of race patrons clad in fine linen and purple, the myriad motors representing thousands of pounds, rushing to the Mecca of sport, the careless, heartless, heedless crowd, all seized with the one idea of enjoyment, while within a stone's throw grinding gruelling poverty reared its pale Hydra-head and exclaimed how much longer, how much longer, oh Lord?

"Life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel," once remarked Horace Walpole, but even the lightest thinker must become a cynic, when he realises the awful disparity between the dispossessed. Dives on the one hand flaunting his riches, Lazarus grovelling in dirt, want, and misery make a picture, paradoxical prophetic and pregnant with offspring of ill-omen. How much longer will this state of violent social contrasts

by capitalist hirelings to-day.

The system of capitalist robbery and exploitation is the cause of all the evils that are laid bare in all their grim horror when the glamour has passed from youthful eyes.

When the first shock of the reality has passed, let us turn our thoughts to changing the present conditions into what they should be.

Remember, it is not the world that is bad. It is naturally beautiful; the system prevailing makes it vile.

United action on the part of the workers can alter that, and if we will it so, the coming generations will view the outlook, still with the eyes of youth, but this time it will not be a mirage, but a tangible reality, and the eyes of age and experience will see it just the same.

Let us keep within our vision, then, our land of Canaan, but we have struggled in the wilderness long enough, we have walked around outside our paradise too long; it is time we sounded the trumpets and made the walls of Capitalism crash down in ruins for ever.

continue? How much longer are the workers to be exploited for the benefit of the few? How much longer is the capitalist class to be freely permitted to batten and wax fat on the bloody sweat of the wage earner? How much longer are the yet unborn to be doomed to an existence dependent solely on the capricious caprice of Dives? The end, so far as can be seen, is not yet at hand. The worker accustomed through generations of class exploitation, is still a patient victim to the thrall, the yoke and goad of his master. He still works unnecessarily long hours for a capitalistically legislated wage, to increase the profits of a dividend hunting employer, he is still dumbly led to the slaughter, he still remains a semi-willing and self-deluded victim to the mouthings of political charlatans, liberal of promise, but chary of performance, he still, Micawber-like, hopes that something will turn up, and the old unfair order of things be changed. But hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

The intensity of a revolution, according to Macaulay, is in direct proportion to the intensity of the evils which produce it. The truth of this statement was clearly exemplified during the period of the French Revolution. The proletariat ground down through centuries of oppression, sucked dry by taxation levied to maintain a small section in luxury, slaves to incessant labor, from which they received but little, if any, return or advantage, suddenly in their might arose, overturned the whole social fabric, and the then civilised world was horrified at the spectacle of a saturnalia in which the slaves wallowed in the blood of their masters.

"Horrible," wrote Carlyle, "the hour when man's soul in its paroxysm spurns asunder the barriers and rules; and shows what dens and depths are in it." But far more horrible are the causes that make such paroxysms of the body politic possible. Danton and his "Septemberers" were not blameless for the awful part they took on that fatal second of September, 1792, but criminally culpable were those countless generations of French kings and noblesse who, sowing through centuries the wind of oppression, in a brief space of time reaped the whirlwind of blood and death.

Though close on 130 years have gone by since the panic frenzy of France bade defiance to death, despot, and the devil, and though the human race has progressed somewhat, yet the sum of its wants are as sharp and as pressing as ever it was, whence the tumbrils creaked over the rough cobbled streets and Monsieur Paris presided at La Place de la Revolution. The masses are as then, still engaged in a hand to hand struggle with hunger for their opponent; to-day they are still the victims of a pernicious economic system, which perpetuates their slavery; they are still ground between the upper stone of the capitalistic employer and the nether stone of their personal physical wants. They are still divided among themselves; incoherent and insufficiently organised they unite and obtain industrial dissolution; while all the time their opponents stand, shoulder to shoulder, personal differences abandoned, commercial competition set on one side, united to continue, and, if possible, to increase the degradation and depression of the very class, without which all their vaunted ability and their riches would be absolutely valueless.

In the meanwhile the volcano slumbers. At times distant deep rumbling may be heard, tremors shake, and perhaps effect small fissures on the outward smoothness of the social structure. The forces at work are still in chains, but the day must come and will come, when, irrepressible and irresistible, they will break forth and destroy the age-long barriers which have been erected by the few to keep the many from having and enjoying the good things of this earth.



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## Peace!!!

BY J. B. SCOTT.

PEACE! PEACE! Yes, Peace is near  
at hand.Peace will  
bring happiness to multitudes. Peace,  
that balm that soothes the aching heart-  
war-worn, war-torn and weary, is  
knocking at the door; is she to enter  
now!After four years of the bloodiest strife  
known in the history of mankind, four  
years of blood-letting, four years of  
agony and tears, misery and privation,  
devastation and death we are approach-  
ing the portals of Peace. Too late you  
have come to save those millions of  
Labor's sons, too late to heal the broken  
heart of some loving mother who  
waits in vain for the son who bade her a  
fond farewell a few short years ago; too  
late to bandage the torn soul of the  
fatherless bairns who knew their par-  
ents will never again greet them with lov-  
ing arms, too late, yea much too late, to  
make amends to the father and mother,  
brother and sister, wife and sweetheart  
of those who are gone. Peace to many  
will renew a terrible sadness, it will re-  
open the wounds which death has caused,  
and it will bring life and death, joy and  
sorrow in the lives of the struggling pro-  
letariat. Peace? Peace? is it Peace?  
What kind of Peace? Ah, brother and  
sister, it is not the Peace WE desire, it is  
not peace! Capitalism cannot bring you  
more than a cessation of the European  
war, but is that peace?

"Peace, peace, when there is no peace;  
When Mammon sits enthroned,  
And he who tells of a world for all  
Is driven forth and stoned.  
For there's little calm or friendship's  
balm,  
Or joy of a kindly deed,  
When man is sold for a price of gold,  
And bound in the chains of greed."

The peace WE demand, and we ask  
you to help us in this DEMAND, is a  
peace where men and women shall be  
free, where hunger and want shall no  
longer stalk the land and shadow your  
lives, where your children will not grow  
up to hear the dread blast from the  
trumpet of Mars, where all the good  
things of life shall be enjoyed by ALL  
the people, where poverty and starva-  
tion, prostitution and crime, ignorance  
and war, shall have been abolished—the  
way to this PEACE, the only peace that  
can bring happiness to ALL the people  
is through SOCIALISM. You, fellow-  
worker, you comrade, you brother, you  
want this kind of peace, posterity de-

## Slams and Jabs.

By JAYBES.

Be it understood right here that we—the  
Revolutionary Socialists—are not pacif-  
ists, but we are opposed to wars of the  
plunderbund. In the class war, which  
will manifest itself more keenly when  
this war is over we will fight like hell,  
fight to win, to win all ALL WE PRO-  
DUCE. Enlist to-day in Labor's army—  
the army of industry. It is the call to  
duty—duty to your class: OBEY THE  
CALL! The safety of your class de-  
pends upon it!Who is there among you have not, at  
one time or other, heard the frantic wails  
of plutocracy's scullions, from the mis-  
erable little political henchman to the  
greatest monarch on a throne: "Social-  
ism will break up the home and destroy  
the marriage tie"! Gentle reader of the  
working class, you and I will put the  
periscope of reason on this, and, as see-  
ing is believing, we will be the better  
judges.In the magazine portion of the "Age,"  
12/10/18 we find a good column and a  
quarter devoted to "London Gossip."  
After we hew through the deluge we dis-  
cover, buried in the centre of the play-  
ering page, the hint that the Prince of  
Wales is contemplating marriage. You  
will not doubt that at last democracy  
has firm roots in the tree of British roy-  
alty when you find that their Royal  
Highnesses have even considered the  
idea of mixing the blue blood of the  
bluest hue with the ordinary indigo run-  
ning in the veins of common countesses  
and duchesses. Yea, brethren! They are  
even going to ALLOW the Prince to  
marry one they have SELECTED for  
him from the ranks of the British peer-  
age. They reckon that "it would be  
very popular throughout the Empire."They have "hit on" Lady Rosemary  
Millicent Sutherland-Leveson-Gower  
(this represents but one person), who is  
a sister to the Duke of Sutherland—one  
of the greatest land robbers in Scottish  
history.Under Socialism men and women will  
marry only when there is an affinity  
(there will be no kings, in fact, there  
will be no social vermin or parasites ex-  
isting); they will not marry under So-  
cialism for pelf and power, love will be  
the only motive, for all men and women  
will be economically free, any other kind  
of marriage is only physical, mental and  
moral prostitution. So you see, brother  
and sister of the useful class, that it  
is capitalism that breaks up the mar-  
riage tie and the sacredness of home life.  
Socialism will abolish capitalism and es-  
tablish an economic equality of oppor-  
tunity, and from that will spring the  
only true morality the social organism  
has ever known. Work for it! Fight  
for it! Join the union of your class,  
and your labors will be crowned with  
victory.If Kaiser Bill does abdicate it will  
only be because there is a strong revolu-  
tionary army of the German working  
class close at his heels. We hope he ab-  
dicates, not for the sake of getting rid of  
a mad king, but on account of the fact  
that it will indicate that the revolution-  
ary movement of Germany is at fever  
heat. Again we say: we hope he abdi-  
cates, and, though we do not pose as  
prophets we predict that others will  
hastily follow in his train.Another resurrection has taken place  
in Russia. The reactionary leader of the  
Constitutional Democrats (Milukoff),  
who was killed by the Bolsheviks last  
week is now in Germany negotiating  
with the German Imperialists for the  
downfall of Labor's Industrial Republic  
and Bolshevism. While Kerensky is in  
England negotiating with other Impe-  
rialists for the same purpose. Traitors  
can always be bought, but the true blue  
revolutionists cannot be bribed, he has  
nothing to sell.A Melbourne weekly semi-bourgeoisie  
social paper, printed to cater to the shal-  
low minds of the shabby genteel, frothsmands that you leave the world better  
than you found it, your place now is in  
the Industrial Army of Labor. NOW!  
Right now!!at the mouth over the large attendance  
of workers at the Yarra Bank. It—  
"Table Talk"—goes on to tell its bovine  
readers that "on the Yarra Bank its  
platforms are given over to cranks and  
montebanks. . . AND THE WHOLE  
SHOW affords great and unworked op-  
portunities for able men to sow the  
leaven of good thoughts in uncultivated  
ground. . . The University dons could  
do a lot of good on the Yarra Bank if  
they would sacrifice their Sunday after-  
dinner doze over Bernhardt or Neitschke,  
and mount a fruit case to distribute  
pearls of high-priced wisdom gratis to a  
muddled multitude."Gor preserve us! Did you ever hear  
or see or read such piffle? The world is  
full of those "University dons" who  
"goze" over everything they ever at-  
tempt to study. They are capitalism's  
dunkies all over the world, and what do  
we find as a consequence? We find them  
representing capitalism in politics, in the  
pulpit, in the press, on the public plat-  
form, in diplomacy, in intrigue, and in  
fact doing all the dirty work of the in-  
dustrial bandits. Evidently the poor  
writer—for he is poor in sense—thinks  
that knowledge comes from universities  
and colleges, and that the "dons" are  
possessed with the wisdom and intelli-  
gence contained in the volume of the lib-  
rary—the covers of which the "dons"  
generally know most about—but we of  
the working class revolutionary move-  
ment know all too well that the men who  
come from these chloroforming institu-  
tions are mental cripples, their mind has  
been dressed in the same manner as their  
bodies—in the prevailing fashion: "they  
gang in stirks and come out asses," as  
Rabbie Burns puts it: their colleges only  
polish pebbles and dim diamonds. Do  
not worry yourself, Mr. Writer in the  
"Table Talk," those "university dons"  
are fools, true enough, but they are not  
foolish enough to come out "on a fruit  
case," either in the Yarra Bank or the  
Domain and exhibit their mental bank-  
ruptcy. He knows we know he does not  
know, and he knows we know he does  
know WE DO KNOW, so you couldn't  
pull him before an intelligent working  
class crowd unless he proved to be a big-  
ger fool than we think he is. What he  
would deliver gratis would be dear at  
the price, and the "muddled multitude"  
would tie him in a knot, unless "he who  
came to mock remained to pray." Mark  
well this message all you who think the  
workers are an ignorant mob; the class  
instincts of labor will lead them rightly,  
the working class is not looking for  
leaders, they are looking for a lead, that  
lead they have got, and when the time  
comes—and it's coming fast—they will  
not want to hear the shallow twaddle  
laddled out by the mental prostituted in  
or out of the movement. They will  
march by the light of their own lantern,  
creating their own morality as they go.  
STAND CLEAR, YE BLIND LEAD-  
ERS! YOU ARE NOT NEEDED IN  
LABOR'S CAUSE!You have been led to believe, through  
reading the weekly deluge of unadul-  
terated dope from the fabrication man-  
ufacturers sitting in the editorial offices  
of Fat's yellow press, that the Bolshevik  
movement is and has been financed by  
Germany; that the leaders of the Bol-  
shevik army (THE RED ARMY) were  
German officers sent in by German Impe-  
rialism.We have been telling you all along  
that this was not so. We have proven  
that all the Imperialists of Europe were  
at the throat of Labor in Russia; now  
the very lying prostitutes of the dailies  
tell you that Germany is going to assist  
the counter revolutionists to overthrow  
the Bolshevik. The German aid to Russia  
business was concocted by the master  
class.Be wise in time, Brother! Clear the mist  
of ages from your tired eyes, do a bit of  
thinking on your own, deduct this and  
add that, according to what you think is  
labor's aims, and then you will find that  
the answer is clearer than if you just  
read capitalism's papers and draw your  
deductions from that source. Be wise!  
Wake up!When this human abattoir has closed  
its doors in Europe, methinks the plun-  
derers of Europe will have all they can  
do to keep in subjection their own wage-  
slaves. On every side we see Red Revolu-  
tion's feet we hear the tread of the  
murdered millions calling out for ven-  
geance. We see the blanched eyes of  
our brothers, our sons, our fathers, our  
sweethearts, all of whom have been sac-  
rificed at the altar of greed, looking to  
us over the vast vastness, pleading, na-  
plore, beseeching you, brother, to end  
the system for which wars are waged.

## IN THE HOLY NAME OF TRADE.

Can ye tell me, O ye workers, why the money-  
demon gloats,  
Why the rulers never stop ye when ye tear  
each others' throats?  
Can ye tell me O ye toilers, why the young  
are stooped and old,  
Why so many work a-hungred when the land  
is filled with gold?  
"Yea! for profit, profit, profit, all these broken  
hearts are made—  
In the holy name of trade!"In the holy name of trade!"  
Can ye tell me, lords of commerce, when ma-  
chines should on them wait,  
Why the burden bears the hardest on the  
weakest in the State?  
Can ye tell me, O my masters, why invention's  
mighty breath  
Only fills the sail that hastens with the child-  
ren on to death?  
"Yea! for profit, profit, profit, all these broken  
hearts are made—  
In the holy name of trade!"In the holy name of trade!"  
Can ye tell me, lazzell'd statesmen, why  
around so many hearths  
Broods a shadow and a terror that is not our  
mother earth's?Can ye tell me, O ye teachers, why, with all  
the wealth we find,  
Why the race in sorrow's mothered and the  
love-sight's going blind?  
"Yea! for profit, profit, profit, all these broken  
hearts are made—  
In the holy name of trade!"  
In the holy name of trade!"  
—COVINGTON HALL.To-day's definition (Mr. Hughes will  
be interested to hear that it was received  
with loud applause by the Australians  
in Palestine): "A statesman is an elderly  
gentleman who is willing to sacrifice  
your life for his country."What this country wants, says Mr.  
Hughes in his diffident way, is the ap-  
pointment of someone clothed with the  
necessary authority to begin without  
a moment's delay to organise the nation  
for peace. I suppose the real difficulty  
will be to get the right man, though I do  
not suppose it will appear as great to  
the Australian Premier as to most other  
people. By the way, I have seen no con-  
firmation yet of the statement that Mr.  
Hughes is contemplating permanent set-  
tlement in this country.—English paper.The average parson preaches Christ  
to-day under the shadow of the Capital-  
ist's pocket book. The poor wretch has  
got to make a living somehow, and if no  
one will pay to hear the word of the  
"Man of Nazareth" then—well, damn  
it! a man must live, that's all their is  
to it.Billy Hughes has now become the com-  
mercial drummer for the butter manu-  
facturers of Australia. From a humble  
umbrella mender to national commercial  
traveller shows a certain amount of gen-  
ius. The genius of a circus clown.Joecek was "NEAR" to the front  
last week. Not "Near" enough to get  
hurt, you may depend, he is a knight, you  
know, and knight's now-a-days do not  
fight.The truth is gradually leaking out.  
During the writing of the articles in this  
paper on "The Russian Revolution," we  
pointed out that the Bolshevik signed the  
Brest-Litovsk Treaty at the bayonet's  
point at that time we were laughed at,  
and had it thrown in our teeth that the  
Bolshevik were pro-German, and had  
sized a humiliating peace to strengthen  
Germany. We pointed out at that time  
that when the Bolshevik RED ARMY  
was properly organised all treaties that  
were forged upon them would become  
null and void. Let us now see how cor-  
rect we were in our understanding of the  
true revolutionary position in Russia.  
To-day the Red Guard is one of the  
mightiest forces in Europe, trained and  
equipped for the defence of the Socialist  
Republic and the International Proletar-  
iat. So strong are they, in fact, that they  
have completely repudiated the agree-  
ment with Germany, and are prepared to  
stand or fall on their own strength and  
might. We have it from the "London  
Times," October 14th, that "The Russian  
Government has suddenly discovered  
that the Brest-Litovsk treaty is null and  
void. M. Lenin, the Bolshevik Prime  
Minister, declares that it was signed un-  
der protest." This brings us cheer. It  
shows the strength of the Revolutionary  
Socialist movement in Russia. Our  
hopes are high, and we have every reason  
to now say that no power on earth, in-  
side or outside of Russia, can overthrow  
the Revolution.



# Sedition's Seductive Sweetness

HOLMAN'S ANTIDELUVIAN ANTIDOTE.

At the time of writing this article the members of the New South Wales House of Legislative Assembly are slowly recuperating after several night sittings spent over the provisions of "the Disfranchisement"—a thousand pardons, Mr. Holman!—"the Sedition Bill." Concealed in spleen, with tyranny its progenitor, and a wholesale and unpardonable exercise of the "kag," the "guillotine" for its accoucher, it has at last been safely delivered and now reposes, waiting its baptism at the hands of its grandmotherly sponsors in the House of Fat.

As was openly to be expected, the Bill met with considerable and sustained opposition from members on the left of the Speaker's chair. The Premier, in the early stages of the debate on the Bill as originally drawn, had clearly indicated that the purpose of the Bill was to bludgeon certain members into silence; for fear of course that they might come between the Premier and his recently acquired perfervid loyalty. Subsequently realising that his impolitic candour had a tendency to return "a la boomerang," the Premier took the members of the Nationalist Party into his confidence and with virginal ingenuousness stultified his former parliamentary utterance and sought to delude the masses through the combined intellect of his party that the bill per se was of the most homeopathic, harmless nature, in fact in the elegant diction of the Premier, as mentioned in paragraph 4 of his circular, its sole object was to keep "the mouths shut" of those who are unable to see eye to eye with the Honorable William Holman.

It is indeed sad to think that men should be found so stupid or so base as to be unable to mark, to follow, and to imitate all the tortuous, turgid servile conversations of the Premier's political opinions, but after all the gentlemen of the opposition have all along been but exercising that right of free speech, which we are assured is one of the glorious foundation stones of democracy as preached by Holman and his ilk, and never more enthusiastically and so vehemently as during the period of the South African war.

The purpose of this article, however, is not to endeavor to attempt to follow the psychic process, which has resulted in the conversion of the Honorable William Holman from "a little Englander" to a "Jingo" of the Chamberlain, Northcliffe brand, nor is it to point out the many injustices that are sought to be wrought by means of this "Lex tallonis," but rather to show by the light of past history, which though as Voltaire truly said, "is but a picture of crimes and misfortunes," but is also the witness of the times, the light of truth, how useless legislative measures of the calibre of the present Disfranchisement Bill really are, while the effects which flow from them inevitably must rebound on their authors and bring on them and on their ignominious ridicule.

To find such an example it is but necessary to look at the times when "George III was King." Three years after the accession to

the throne of their potentate, one John Wilkes, a member of the "Sublime Society of Beef Steaks," and a writer of no mean ability or influence, on April 23, 1763, in his journal, the "North Britain, No. 45" dealt trenchantly with the speech from the Throne, delivered prior to the then recent adjournment of the House of Commons. In it he characterised a passage, in which the Peace of Hubertusburg was treated as a consequence of the Peace of Paris, as "the most abandoned instance of Ministerial effrontery ever attempted to be imposed on mankind," while he even had the awful temerity to insinuate that the King had been induced to countenance a deliberate lie. The law officers with customary subservience advised that Wilkes had committed a seditious libel, and accordingly he was committed to duress vile in the Tower, on the warrant of the Secretaries of State, Egremont and Halifax. Wilkes naturally did not take his medicine lying down, as a consequence of subsequent civil process recovered £1000 damages from the authors of the warrant. Another literary incubation entitled, "An Essay on Woman," a grotesque satirical parody of Pope's "Essay on Man," brought on his devoted head the collective wrath and anathema of the House of Commons, the members of which in Parliament showed a wonderful deference to decency and moral ethics quite foreign to that exhibited in their private lives. For this Wilkes was cited to appear before that august body and on failing to appear was expelled. A month later a conviction for promulgating a seditious libel was recorded by Mansfield, and as Wilkes had omitted to be present he was outlawed on November 1, 1764. Wilkes in the meanwhile was ruffling it at Paris, but in 1768 returned to London. Having failed in his candidature to represent the City of London in Parliament, he was shortly afterwards returned for the County of Middlesex by a huge majority. He then surrendered to his outlawry and Mansfield committed him to the King's Bench prison with great promptitude. The prison was soon surrounded by crowds of Wilkes's political partisans, and as a result of his extreme popularity the Government gave instructions to the magistracy to inhibit any further demonstrations by the use of the military. The massacre of St. George's Fillet—in other words the cold, calculated butchery of harmless, unarmed men, women and children—followed. While incarcerated, Wilkes' endeavor to rehabilitate his legal civic status by writ of error and petition, but in the meanwhile was solemnly expelled from Parliament on February 4, 1769. He was almost immediately re-elected, but the House of Commons not only annulled the return, but resolved that "he was and is incapable of being elected a member to serve in this present parliament." Adding arrogance to autocracy, these loyal supporters of Guelphic George declared that Wilkes' defeated opponent, Colonel Luttrell—to whom Junius indicted some of his most brilliant satires—elected, and accordingly faked the returns. Previous to this, and while languishing in prison, this sturdy opponent to sycophantry had been elected an Alderman for the Ward of "Farringdon Without." His return was presented to the King, and the remonstrance of the Livery on his behalf was contemptuously rejected.

workers are now slowly trying to free themselves.

A slave with a contented mind is more submissive to an overlord than a slave made a slave, or kept a slave by coercion. The employing class are realising this much more accurately than they have done in the past. Not far distant is the day when the employer will engage his workmen only after an elaborate analysis of the workmen's mentality.

Some little time ago an American railroad company desired to engage two mechanics. The manner in which the company set about the task was efficient, novel, and ultra modern.

A phrenologist was engaged for the purpose. An advertisement was inserted in several papers calling for applications from mechanics. Each applicant had to send in his photograph.

There were over two hundred photographs of applicants sent in.

The phrenologist read each applicant's head from his photo.

Some of the photographs showed skilled minds naturally adapted to mechanics; but many of the same minds showed also strong indications of vice; deceitfulness, laziness, drunkenness, insubordination, the applications of such persons were re-

jected. By this time his popularity transcended that of any man in England and Scotland, his portrait was exhibited in the majority of shop-windows of London and Middlesex, trinkets and jewellery were devised and worn, carrying either his favours or his picture, while his likeness dangled from many of the ale-houses in his electorate. Thrice in all was he elected to represent Middlesex, but not until 1790 was the obstinacy of Parliament overcome, and he was permitted to take his seat. As a result of the conflict which took place regarding the Charter of the City of London, Wilkes was, of course, found on the side of the malcontents, and defied with impunity the Speaker's citation to the bar. In 1779 until his death in 1797 he also filled the office of City Chamberlain.

Such in brief is the history of a man whom the combined efforts of the British Crown Law Office and the House of Commons endeavored to crush. With so little success one would have thought that further attempts would have been deprecated after his election in 1769, when the overwhelming voice of the free burgesses of Middlesex returned him for the first time. Rather than sink their private predilections, however, and their abnormal sense of loyalty to a German Prince, the Ministry of the day and their supporters endeavored by disfranchising the voters of Middlesex to keep the polluting presence of these bete noir from out of that Home to which he had been duly and legally elected.

That failure was pre-ordained and a foregone conclusion no more occurred to those obfuscated intellects than that a repetition on similar lines might re-occur to-day in New South Wales if this precocious and precious measure once is placed on the Statute Book. Are not Mr. Holman and his jingoistic junta capable of conceiving an analogical position and are they prepared to father the consequences? Pre-supposing that the bill does become law and an honorable member is convicted as the result of the evidence of professional photographic police, is duly declared to have dallied with the seductive sweetness of the forbidden fruit, sedition, and his seat is declared vacant, does the Honorable, the Premier, think that the majority of the electors who have returned him are prepared to elect a second Colonel Luttrell at the simple behest of Holman? Does he think that they are prepared to turn down a man whose only guilt consists in honestly reflecting the opinions and desires of those who chose him, or does this political protagonist avowedly desire to see a large quota of the population unrepresented and thus indirectly disfranchised simply because their representative has the courage of his opinions, expresses themselves openly and fearlessly, as once upon a time the Hon. William Holman did, regardless of votes of censure and accusations of disloyalty, but who, unlike that gentleman, is not prepared to immediately swallow them heedless of conscience, in order to gratify inordinate ambition, lust of power, and the desire of seeing on one glad day his name appearing in the Birthday Honors' List.

L. SOMERS BRADFORD.

jected.

After a great deal of analysing systematically, two applications were accepted from a number whose mental make up varied only slightly.

Such is the power of the science of mind.

In days gone by the master before he bought the slave felt his muscle.

To-day he feels the slave's "bumps."

The slave was kept a slave in days gone by with chains and whips; his enslavement was a physical one.

The enslavement to-day is mental.

No need for whips or chains; a weak mind makes a docile body.

One shudders at the thought of the future, of the day when the laws of mind shall be thoroughly understood by the whole of the ruling class and applied, perhaps, more effectively to the workers than chains or whips.

The fight of the future, the class war, the battle between employer and employee, the economic struggle, whatever you like to term it, will be a mental fight. So the agitator—the Socialist—must study the science of mind and see if psychology cannot be used rather for the destruction than the perpetuation of Capitalism.

# Our Objective.

(By J.M.G.).

The many Utopian schemes labelled socialism floating about in the minds of numbers of those people interested in the problems of a social life are misleading, and have a tendency to dishearten the genuine searcher after a solution that is in harmony with evolution, and have a material basis upon which to build the society that will replace the present.

These fantastic schemes, such as "State Socialism," "Municipal Socialism," "National Guilds," "Fabian," free thought Socialism, and the many more or less step by step to Socialism fallacies are completely out of joint with the evolutionary process, that in our present society, as in all those of the past, is controlled by the economic forces of production.

Socialism can never come by the gradual extension of the State ownership or municipal enterprise. Such a process merely strengthens the stranglehold of financial interests, and can never lead to a form of society leading out economic equality, which is the only thing worth striving for, as when the individuals needs are assured it enables him to live a fuller life free from the anxieties of a system such as our present, that never has, nor never shall be able to assure to every unit the essentials of life.

We as scientific socialists base our theories upon the evolutionary process controlled by material conditions, the most powerful of which is the economic factor. Recognising that the problem of food, shelter and clothing in all forms of society has dominated. Emotionalism and humanitarian ideas for reconstruction of society, have their basis in the brutal conditions caused by economic inequality, but such ideas are of no value and can never be of use as a basis upon which to construct society.

A study of the past reveals the fact that the economic in all past phases of society has been the basis upon which was built the social life of the community. The social superstructure, ethical, legal, religious, and the ideology generally has been but a reflex of economic conditions, that has always controlled, is controlling to-day, and will control in the future, the aspirations and outcome of humanity.

The economic basis of our present system dominates the mental thought of the community, many being forced unconsciously to adopt a psychology, in antagonism to the system, instinctively they act in opposition to economic forces that have grown out of joint with the conditions created by those forces. They have a vague unconscious feeling that the superstructure or environment does not harmonise with the economic, and are forming within the shell of the present form of society the germ of the ideology of the new.

This unconscious ideology is but the reflex of the economic development that has taken place during the past one hundred years. Our industrial system was based upon individual liberty, a revolt against the State control or rather curtailment of industrial enterprise. As the system developed the individual has had to more and more merge his isolated activities in that of his fellows, whether employers or employed. The extension and development of the world's markets has forced the individual capitalist to combine his capital with other capitalists, leading to the formation of the joint stock companies, in which the owners are parasites pure and simple living upon the interest of their capital, without performing any social function. The workers in these big industries have evolved into automata. In the early stages of the system the skilled worker predominated, but as the system evolved he has gradually been replaced by unskilled machine minders as the tools of production become more perfected. The evolution from simple production to meet home consumption with comparatively a small surplus for overseas markets, has led to all fully developed countries depending more and more upon the world's market to dispose of their surplus commodities. A production of com-

Continued on page 4.

## WANTED.

### MR. BLOCK CARTOONS.

J. Williams, 2 Dock St., South Brisbane, Queensland, will pay \$5/ for a copy of "Mr. Block Cartoons."

### GEORGE BROWN.

Information of George Brown is urgently desired by his mother. Any one having news concerning him will oblige by sending same to this office.

## The New Slavery.

By WOODCUS.

One often meets in many occupations people whose mental make up is not suited to the position they occupy in society. Many an artist is found ornamenting a road with a pick and shovel, many a mechanic intended so by nature, carving tripe in a butcher's shop. Men of initiative and organising genius in humdrum mundane callings to which they are unsuited.

Every man's mind is cast in a certain mould; his real value to mankind cannot be ascertained unless the mental propensities of his brain are given a chance to adequate and correct expression.

What society has lost by misdirected mental energy can never be estimated.

What the gain may be when the matter is rectified can only be guessed.

Already the science of mind is being studied and applied by the ruling class for the special benefit of this class; the degradation of the working class back into a form of slavery from which the



## OUR OBJECTIVE.

Continued from Page 3.

modities for the social use of the human race in all parts of the globe, socially produced in the big industrial centres, and distributed by the collective worker in the joint stock railways and shipping companies, produced by tools and distributed by transport not socially owned, but owned and controlled by a diminishing number of parasitical shareholders.

This is the economic antagonism that requires solving. Social production for social use by tools individually owned. State socialism or extension of municipal enterprise are no solution of the problem. They are not even palliatives, for if put into force would still leave the financial capitalist astride of the community, and the workers compelled to grind out surplus profits to pay interest upon loans raised pay off the owners of the industries.

The history of the past points the way that will have to be adopted to solve these antagonisms. Away back in ancient Greece, a critical position—created by a parasitical class having a stranglehold upon the community—was solved by repudiation of the debt owing to the money-lenders of the citizens of Greece.

Confiscation and repudiation of debt has been the rule in all revolutions that have changed societies in the past. The step by step process has never operated and never will operate to shake off the parasites of society. No step by step process placed the industrial capitalists in control. In England it was a long struggle fought out on many battlefields. Beginning in the reign of Henry VII. it only ended by the enthronement of William the Third in what is called the "glorious revolution." During the struggle church property was confiscated, the property of the craft guilds was annexed, and many of the landed proprietors lost their land and sometimes their lives. It cost one king his head and another was exiled.

By such step by step process was the industrial system inaugurated. The same methods of confiscation and repudiation helped the industrial capitalists of France to power. It was shorter and sharper than the English revolution, but like the English rising capitalists they never hesitated to confiscate or repudiate anything that stood in their way. We do not blame them for their methods—they were necessary to their success; and were quite moral from their standpoint as the rising class, although in opposition to the ethical code of the old society, recognising that the rising class form a moral code within the old society that can only be put into operation and receive sanction in the new society formed by them.

Such are the lessons from the past, and we have no reason to believe the Co-operative Commonwealth will be brought about by peaceful means. The capitalist class will fight hard to maintain their control of both the economic and political power, but must eventually be beaten in the struggle with the only class below them—the working class. The economic contradiction of private ownership and social production is the point around which the struggle will centre.

The harmonising of this contradiction will place the land and tools of production under social ownership. Whilst the struggle continues it will be a working class dictatorship, but when ended the society that will spring up will be a society freed from class distinction, an environment freed from the sordid grasping snobbery of our economic system of get rich quick. An environment that will raise humanity, give it a nobler outlook, freed from the brutalising insecurity of a system that requires for its continuance the prop of an unemployed army of workers as a standing menace to those in employment.

Such is our objective. We cannot fill in details. We know, however, that the foundations of all past societies, and our present, have been economic, and that the social life of the community is the reflex of the economic. All the economic forces of all phases of society since the advent of civilisation has been privately owned by a minority, thus leading to a degrading dependence by the majority. We feel certain, therefore, that the social ownership of the means of producing the essentials of life will lead to the raising of a social superstructure, that befogged as we are mentally by our degrading capitalist society, words fail to convey any idea of the glories of life in such an environment.

—Exchange.

## FUND FOR MRS. WYNTER.

Previously acknowledged, £21/19/6; Sailor, 1/; A.C., 2/; total, £22/2/6.

Mistake in total, published in the issue of Sept. 28th, and carried forward in next issue. Amount acknowledged and carried forward should have been £13 4/6, not £12/14/6.

£22 2 6  
Error.. 10 0  
Total.. £22 12 6

## A. S. P.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

## SYDNEY BRANCH.

Sydney branch reports have been held over owing to lack of space, consequently the report of the last three lectures are published together.

On the 6th October Mr. F. Edwards, of the Coachmakers' Union, lectured on the "One Big Union and its Critics." The address was an exceedingly interesting one, and delivered in Mr. Edwards' usual vigorous style, which is so convincing to an audience.

The lecturer dealt shortly with the scheme, and why the workers should support it, then at greater length with its critics. He mentioned the most prominent of these, and pointed out that the hostile criticism was in many cases due to the fact that the scheme was not properly understood, and of course in many others, hostility was inevitable, seeing that the move was against the best interests of the capitalist class, and those who had anything to gain under the present system would naturally be opposed to changing it.

On the following Sunday Mr. Portus, of the tutorial classes, gave an interesting talk on "Guild Socialism." The speaker made it quite clear that he was not there as a propagandist, but merely as an interested student of his subject. He had a good deal of hostile criticism, and the discussion as usual was hot and animated.

On October 20th the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity to hear an address by Peter Simonoff on "Russia Today." The proceedings opened with the singing of the Red Flag, which was rendered enthusiastically by the audience. The lecture was a lengthy one, and it is impossible to write it all down here. Com. Simonoff kept his audience interested by the latest accounts of doings in Russia, pointing out that Soviets were gaining greater security every day, and that the workers were proving themselves quite capable of running the industries. He also emphasised the fact that the Bolsheviks, contrary to capitalist reports, had consistently refrained from acts of violence as far as possible, and only required from their former persecutors and masters, that they should take their place as workers with the others.

The speaker concluded with a reference to recent events in Germany, and expressed a hope that the workers there and in other countries would follow the example of the Bolsheviks, and make the world one huge Socialist Republic.

An exceptionally good musical programme was rendered from 7 to 8 p.m. by Coms. Fisher, Wutke, and some of our Russian comrades.

The branch as a whole is going ahead finely, more new members each meeting and the economic class getting better and better. Paper sales are still keeping brisk, but we should never be satisfied in that respect, as each copy sold is so much more propaganda done.

## WET WEATHER.

ON WET SUNDAYS WHEN IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO HOLD A MEETING ON THE DOMAIN, AN AFTERNOON MEETING WILL BE HELD IN THE A.S.P. HALL, 369 PITT ST., COMMENCING AT 2.45.

## MELBOURNE LECTURES!

## EVERY SUNDAY EVENING.

Under the Auspices of the Australian Socialist Party at  
47 VICTORIA ST., CITY.

## "THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST."

Does the "I.S." suit you? Do you think it is doing good work, Do you wish to see the good work continue, If so, show your appreciation and assist by getting subscribers,

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A NEW SUPPLY OF BADGES HAVE COME TO HAND, AND ARE NOW PROCURABLE AT 1/6, POSTAGE 1/8. QUANTITIES TO BRANCHES AT 1/5 EACH.

MONEY MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS; ADDRESS SAME TO THE GEN. SEC., A.S.P., 115 GOULBURN ST., SYDNEY.

## Economic Class

THE ECONOMIC CLASS IS BEING HELD IN SYDNEY BRANCH HALL EVERY THURSDAY EVENING. ALL THOSE WHO DESIRE A KNOWLEDGE OF ECONOMICS SHOULD MAKE SURE OF ATTENDING.

## COMING LECTURES!

SOCIALIST HALL, 369 PITT ST. (OPP. DANKS.)

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27th.

MR. WALKER.  
SOCIALISM AND RELIGION.

## BARRIER LECTURES!

SOCIALIST HALL, SULPHIDE ST.

Oct. 27th.—A. SOMMER: "Trusts and Combines."

Nov. 3rd.—J. LYNCH: "Labor and Politics."

Nov. 10.—C. J. JOYCE: "The Evolution of Morals."

## STATEMENTS OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE OF THE FREE SPEECH COMMITTEE AS AT 15th OCTOBER, 1918.

Receipts.	
Domain Collection	£176 2 9
" "	14 4 6
	£190 7 3
Less paid over to Trades and Labor Council	75 14 5
	114 12 10
Other collection lists, etc.	176 14 3
Donations	5 10 0
Literature Sales	6 12 0
	£303 9 1
Expenditure.	
Solicitor's charges, for Judd and V. Marshall	£22 10 0
Rev. Sinclair's Case	10 0 0
Brookfield, M.L.A., Case	10 0 0
V. Marshall	8 13 6
Loan do	4 15 0
B. Lewis Case, etc.	15 12 10
Other expenses on Court Cases	8 14 6
Loan to Newcastle Committee	5 0 0
Postage, Telegrams and Telephone	5 16 6
Advertising	3 10 9
Typing, Stationery, etc.	4 15 2
Travelling Expenses	8 14 4
Printing	12 19 3
Secretary's Time	14 7 6
Sundry Expenses	2 9 1
Maintenance, Mrs. Melburn	7 0 0
Treasurer's Time	0 17 6
Amount not accounted for by former Secretary	8 0 0
Less Refund	2 13 6
	5 6 6

Balance shown in Secretary's books 1 4 0  
Balance shown in Treasurer's books 146 2 8

Balance in hand 147 6 8

£303 9 1

W. G. JEFFERY, Secretary.  
RAY EVERITT, Treasurer.

I have audited the books and accounts presented and find the above Statement of Receipts and Expenditure a correct record from same subject to our report to the Committee on the method of Domain collections, etc.

STANLEY F. ALLEN, F.I.A.,  
Public Accountant.  
15/10/1918.

All holders of subscription lists are requested to return them to the SECRETARY at their earliest convenience.

SOCIALIST HALL  
369 Pitt Street.

## DANCE EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

## LECTURE EVERY SUNDAY EVENING

## TO UNATTACHED SUPPORTERS.

Whoever you are, if you believe in Scientific Socialism, you must recognise the need for organisation. Why not set a good example to the workers whom you come in contact with, and whom we know you try to educate, by joining up with the A.S.P.

If there is no BRANCH in your locality, you can become a MEMBER AT LARGE, and thus become a REAL LIVE WIRE.

For further information, drop a line to the General Secretary, A.S.P., 115 Goulburn Street, Sydney.

## BRANCH DIRECTORY.

Any branch desiring matter published under the above heading, should write clearly what is needed, and forward same to this office.

## BROKEN HILL.

Socialist Hall, Sulphide St.

All rebels making their way to the "Hill" will receive a welcome at the above address.

Every Sunday morning: Lectures.  
Every Sunday night, 7.30: Lectures.  
Study course of Scientific Socialism.  
Every Thursday night, 7.30.  
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Good Library for Members!

## CORRIMAL.

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Meetings every back Sunday, 2 p.m.

E. R. BROWNE, Secretary.  
Railway Street,  
Corrimal.

## IPSWICH BRANCH.

Branch meets Wednesday, Socialist Hall, Brisbane street. Out-door propaganda, Friday evenings Q. T. corner. Library for members.

P. STALKER, Secretary.

## MELBOURNE BRANCH.

47 Victoria St., Melbourne.  
Library and Reading Room for members.  
Lectures held every Sunday Evening.

SPEAKERS' CLASS EVERY THURSDAY EVENING.

## NEWTOWN BRANCH.

Hall: Hattie's Arcade, King St., Newtown.  
Library for Members.

Business meeting held alternate Thursday evening.

## SYDNEY BRANCH.

Hall: 369 Pitt St., City.  
Library for members.

Lecture every Sunday evening.

Debating class held every Monday evening.

Business meeting every alternate Thursday evening.

## THE WORKERS' INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIAL UNION.

(Australian Administration)  
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## RECRUITING LOCAL No. 2.

Meets alternate Wednesday EVENINGS,  
47 VICTORIA ST., MELBOURNE.

## RECRUITING LOCAL No. 3.

MEETS ALTERNATE SUNDAYS,  
3 p.m., WONTHAGGI.

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